SPORADIC NOT PERIODICAL

VOL. I.] SHANGHAI, NOVEMBER 2, 1912 [No. 6

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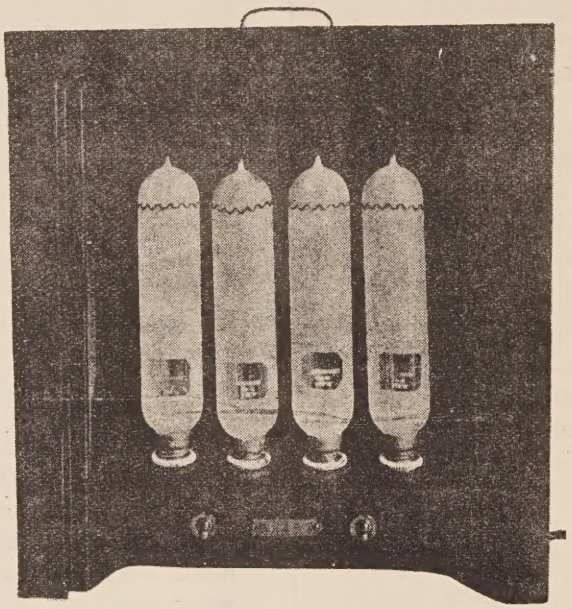

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MOUTRIES

FOR

EVERYTHING

MUSICAL

GO TO

MOUTRIES

QUACK

IT is very much to be hoped that one of the results of the Balkan Embroglio will be the extension of the Greek boundary to include Mount Olympus. If the Powers set their faces very sternly against territorial aggrandisement I should strongly advise the Hellenic representatives to say nothing about historic associations, but to lay stress on the more practical questions of policing and sanitation. If M. Sazonoff and Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg jib I should not hesitate to stigmatise the present Thessalian frontier as a standing menace, and point out that any treaty that fails to provide for the trifling rectification under discussion cannot fail to be provocative of further discussion and dispute in the not distant future.

* * *

Suppose Jardine had never met Matheson

* * *

Among the pearls which Sidney Webb dropt before the London School of Economics was the declaration that China seemed to be devoid of all the qualities of a great nation. Webb recently ran the gauntlet of the Treaty Ports and he too has joined the Padgett Army. It is twenty years since he wrote a book to promote the interests of London as a whole rather than those of individual Londoners; so there's nothing small about his topics, and China is a suitable unit of food for his postprandial consideration. Smith, of *Chinese Characteristics* fame, quotes from *The Book of Odes* the prayer, "May it rain first on our public fields, and afterwards extend to our private ones." He adduces no evidence that it is in daily use, in fact by mentioning the Chou Dynasty hints that it is not. But in that centuries-old prayer is the germ of *The London Programme*, and to Webb, its author, who found that London only wanted ideas, I venture to say that China had them in plenty a long time before he was spun.

* * *

However small the patch which Fate and your landlord has left you between the porch and the pailings there is probably room for some cactus dahlias. If this is so they should be ordered now. We have no agency for Kelway's or Luxembourg or Miyanoshita, but upon all and sundry, married and single, modest and grandiflore, we urge: Get your order off at once accompanied by a remittance. Dahlias are as various as the Chinese. You can't sum up their virtues and varieties in a sentence, nor flip them off in a phrase; but you can stick the dry bones six inches deep in your yard and enjoy yourself twice annually.

* * *

"Go about. Be seen. If necessary get talked "about. Anything as long as you are a "personality. Get on to committees. Be pro- "minent in any movement going. Get to know "all possible news, and, for the purposes of your "business, scandal."

"In getting to know people do not worry much "about the young and moneyless ones, but try to "get to know the more influential ones."

At this stage, the official account says, the Court adjourned for lunch. Nauseated by the naked vileness judge and jury, counsel and clerk, found the need of a brandy and soda. Scarcely can there have been one of them who did not know that such things are, just as we realise the horrors of warfare, the slaughter house, the accident ward, unconsciously thankful that we live lives in which they play no visible part. To have the bloody detail, the dissecting room shambles, spread in their sight justified more than an adjournment, it warranted treble wages or a month's leave.

How vain does the investigating zeal of the Crown Advocate feel with the canker laid bare in this way. How purposeless the intrepid voyages of the Commercial Attaché into the provinces of the interior appear when we find the cause of trade decline right here north of the Yang-King-Pang.

In the Smoking Room Pennington said we had forgotten the old adage, "It'll never get well if

MR. H. E. CAMPBELL

you pick it." No one agreed with him, and we went on pulling the horror about for another twenty minutes, till a note came in for Gellatly to say that his wife was waiting.

* * *

Whether Crisp antes up the other half or no the Sextuplers have had a nasty lesson. They now know that the beach contains at all events one other pebble with a roll left in it. If nature abhors anything—not counting nothing,—it's a monopoly. Only autocrats can afford to defy her rules, among the latest of whom are William II (petroleum) and Li Ping-shu (water). One of our contemptuous contemporaries describes the Capital and Counties and the London and South-Western Banks as "dubious financial agents!" Where in the world do they invest their savings? For our part we design to deposit the profits of "Quack" in the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China. *Vivat Makalee!*

* * *

The Economist for September 14 contained a passage which was good reading for those who believe that everything is perfectly O.K. We are of this number and we therefore take leave to quote:—"The figures of our August "trade returns, which we examine in another "article, should give a final coup to the ridiculous "pessimism which formed the whole basis of "Mr. Chamberlain's tariff campaign. He talked "about our ruined industries, and declared that "even great staple trades like cotton were "declining for want of protection. The "industries of Great Britain were never in a more "prosperous condition than they are to-day."

DISRUPTION OF THE EMPIRE

North-China Daily News, October 17, 1912

"THE Turkish Ministers at Sofia and Belfast have been "instructed to return to Constantinople."

"AT the Australian Consular Court yesterday J. Robak "appeared on remand on a charge of having been drunk and "assaulting the police."

We looked in vain for any reference to H.M. The King of Sark.

DAYBREAK ON A RUBBER PLANTATION

See, the silver moon is paling,
West reluctant clouds are trailing
One by one.
But the fever-mist that dallies
On the hills and in the valleys
Waits the sun.

Still the coolie lines are sleeping,
And the *jaga* watchful keeping
'Neath the lamp,
Dreams of home ; while off the river
Blows a breeze that makes him shiver,
Chill and damp.

Soon the points of fire flaring
Show the coolies in the clearing,
Still as mice ;
Hating God who made the morning,
Silent, leaden-eyed and yawning,
Cooking rice.

Sounding faint the horn for muster,
Round the huts the workmen cluster,
Names are read.
Some are sick, and some malinger,
One that weeps has cut his finger,
Thinks he's dead.

Till at last they're all dispersing,
Grunting gutt'rally and cursing ;
Whilst the day
Fights the gloom which struggles vainly,
And the *pinang* stands out plainly
'Gainst the grey.

Suddenly swift shafts of amber
To the highest heaven clamber,
Light the sky ;
Comes the sun, the mists dispelling,
To the world his message telling,
Day is *naik*.

MR. H. E. MORRISS

JIMMY

TRIOLETS TO A LOBE

My uncle's ear's prolapsing lobe
He flaps it as an elephant.
As red as rosy morning's robe
My uncle's ear's prolapsing lobe.
It makes me quite an uncle-phobe
It very nearly makes me rant
He flaps it as the elephant
My uncle's ear's prolapsing lobe.

He woke and raised a shocking row
Because I pulled those foxy sprouts,
I mind me once in childhood how
He woke and raised a shocking row.
Would they come out, I wonder, now,
I'd like to satisfy my doubts.
Because I pulled those foxy sprouts
He woke and raised a shocking row.

(A third stanza has been expunged, and we have told this young member of our staff that if he continues in this vein we shall not see our way to renewing his agreement on its expiry)

THE TEMPLE OF MIST

His name was Pingères. Consequently when he arrived from Indo-Chine after an early youth spent in the Foreign Legion, a zealous Commissioner's Secretary decreed: "your Chinese name is Ping,—which means peaceful."

He was not peaceful. A certain faculty for ferreting, a devouring curiosity as to the mainsprings of the yellow existences which surround us, gave him among the Chinese a reputation for being distinctly "bobbery," and effectually robbed him of any peace he might otherwise have found. In one port where he was stationed, it is said that on approaching his quarters in the dusk a Snider rifle range out, and the bullet spoiled his hat. This was the result of his having become involved,—only in an enquiring capacity of course,—in the amours of a Shantung soldier. But an inquisitive turn of mind has its own compensations in China. For here there is much to learn about human nature, under conditions uncommon to the West. I think it was this dangerous curiosity of Pingères which helped to procure for him that intuitive insight into the Chinese mind, that understanding of the inner meaning of outward signs, which is rarer and more precious than the best acquaintance with the lore of their Sages, or the voluminous writings of the modern satirists. It was from this quality perhaps that his little stories took their fascination.

I remember one as an illustration to a harangue whereby he was striving to convince a youthful and despondent mess, that life even in the smallest outport need not drive you to drink or an early grave, if you can but read the portents round about you. It was a tiresome evening and there were many mosquitoes and moths, and the green bugs which jump backwards swiftly across the table-cloth, kept drowning themselves in the port. So a yarn from Pingères was welcome, in spite of his slight French accent tempered by a San Francisco intonation, the legacy of an American mother.

"When Yuchang was first opened as a Treaty port," said he, "we lived in the middle of the canal in a houseboat. I can feel my periodical malaria coming on when I think of it. I can hear through a summer night, from their den astern, the voices of the loadah and cook steadily wrangling in low tones about the price of six ounces of salt fish; with the occasional nasal interruptions of the Number One Coolie pretending 'to do the good man' by talking peace—really aggravating the parties. In the background of sound there is the menacing hum of many mosquitoes; then perhaps a temporary hush, broken suddenly by the crash of a beggar boat, as its projecting mat-roof collides on the other side of the houseboat,—followed by a chorus of reviling from our crew against the careless offender. Five voices bawl out *Kala, Kala,*

Kala, and when the commotion subsides, the wrangle resumes its guttural course."

"We were glad when the instructions came from Peking to negotiate for land to be the site of the new compound for our house and offices. Casartelli, the old Italian, was the acting Commissioner and I was Number Two. Poor Casartelli was a sinologue. Among the usual intellectual infirmities of that class, he was mad on the subject of Chinese spirits. Luckily, as I thought, he developed malaria so badly that he went off to Japan on three months' Inspectorate leave at the beginning of the negotiations; but not before he had considerably impressed the Taotai with his knowledge of things Chinese by suggesting that in the first place they should choose a lucky day preparatory to selecting the site. From what he told me of his investigations as to the popular ideas on the habits of the spirits of the local air and water he had evidently brought himself more than half to believe in them. I found he had been conversing on the subject with a local soothsayer, and taxed him with it; but he very plausibly explained that in a new port, where the Foreigner is unknown, it is wise to gather useful information which might enable us to avoid interference with popular prejudice.

"'For that reason,'" said he, "'I am rather averse to your suggestion that we should endeavour to obtain the disused temple on the hillock. I recognise that it will be convenient and inexpensive to have a small building ready on our site; and in that situation we should obtain such breeze as there may be from time to time; but I am informed that the construction of two-storied foreign residences at this point would be thought by the people to be displeasing to the local dragon, with which, the hillock has for some centuries been associated; and I am convinced that it would be unwise to run counter in any way to the time-honoured, and, who knows, perhaps well-founded beliefs of the people. I am sure that would be the view of the Inspector General.'"

"But I had passed a private act of Parliament that the Yuchang Custom House should not be situated on the flattest part of the mud flat, if human ingenuity could otherwise devise."

"During the next few weeks I made some enquiries about the hillock. There was the usual reluctance. The Head Shupan said vaguely that he supposed it had nothing to do with any dragon; that was all foolish talk. I questioned the *t'ing chai*. 'The hill is a crouching Tiger' said he. A few days later enquiries of a Taoist priest with whom I had scraped an acquaintance produced another sort of answer."

"'Aw'" he said, with an indulgent smile, "'there are crooked spirits and evil matters.'"

"With this explanation which he evidently considered as complete as even the most exacting of foreign-devils could wish, I was obliged to be content; for he incontinently changed the subject in order to press upon me one of those exasperating gifts of ginseng which your boy never lets you throw into the fire, and eventually contrives to steal for the treatment of his own peculiar ailments. The interruption was all the more unwelcome for the knowledge that a disproportionately large recompense would be expected."

"I have learnt that when everyone resorts to evasive generalities that is the time for pertinacious research. You cannot often make your writers, servants, and other hangers-on talk freely of their superstitions. They will never tell you how much they believe themselves, and generally speaking any vague inkling which can be extracted is prefaced 'there are some men who think' or 'It has been heard said'—and then you receive merely the dry bones of a popular belief with none of the human and personal atmosphere which forms the chief interest of the enquirer. But I had hopes of making one or another of them automatically throw off that mask of reserve which is the chief ingredient of dignity on the part of him who eats foreign rice, in his dealings with the rice-giver. So in September when the nights were becoming cool I said to my boy:—

"'Pao-pa, the night is good, and the mosquitoes are bad. I shall go to the Temple of Mist to Sleep.'"

"Pao-pa was fat, and stolid, of the sort which they praise as 'thick and generous.' For in China especially, to be portly is a guarantee of kindness and mild temper. The eyes of Pao-pa shifted slightly in their podgy sockets, and he looked at me reproachfully."

"'Great old grandfather Ping, there is very much damp air; it is to be feared that you will beget an illness like His Excellency the Commissioner.'"

"'Pao-pa,' I replied, 'you are a bean-curd on a horse's tail, immovably lazy. Also you are a piece of pork and no man. Tie up the large cotton *pei-wo* for which you made me pay six dollars when it only cost you two and a half; it will serve as bedding, and as you are unwilling to come, I accordingly wish you to accompany me.'"

"I had some difficulty in explaining to him that I was not going the next morning, but that same night. And eventually we arrived at the Temple."

"It was a dank and deserted place. A tall pine tree stood outside the doorway. Within, there was a square yard,—in the middle, the usual great cauldron for the burnt offerings of paper money to the dead; on the left and right six small apartments three on each side, with high narrow doors to each; in front, a room occupying the whole width of the square, where I found the Goddess of Mercy, sitting as usual wearing that air of almost superhuman impassivity with which the wood-carvers of many centuries have contrived to endue her."

"I chose a mildewed coffin-like little room on the right, and the paunchy Pao-pa deposed the *pei-wo* with a terrific sigh on the ground."

"Pao-pa was uncomfortable. He placed each hand in the opposite sleeve of his tunic and watched me preparing for bed with an expression of disfavour unusual in one so fat."

"'Go away dead flesh,'"—I said.

"'You revile me,'" he replied with unwonted asperity, "'I don't answer. I am waiting to take the candle, for I also suppose I want to sleep.'"

"'Have you only one candle?'"

"I recognised that this was a means of making me feel that I did not wish to be without a candle in case of need that night, and for a brief second I nearly seemed to notice it. 'Cut it into two halves with my little foreign knife,' I ordered."

"He did this, very slowly, lit his half and began to leave me. But on the doorstep he turned round . . . There was a curious noise outside the doorway, the half stifled sound of a person running and whimpering in terror as he ran. Pao-pa rapidly disposed himself on his kness outside in the narrow doorway, and did the koutow nine times to the Goddess of Mercy. But the whimpering continued, and the footsteps of the runner as he sloshed through the mud at the main gateway became distinctly audible. Then they abruptly ceased, and there began a loud banging at the great door. More whimpering then, and the rapid steps started again. Three times they passed round the outside of the Temple, and once more came to a stop in front of the main door. There was a great wail with the unmistakable note of horror in its tone, and then everything was quiet. . . .

"I was so taken aback, that I lay on the *pei-wo* motionless during these manifestations. At last I jumped over Pao-pa's prostrate body and walking across the Courtyard opened the main door. There was nothing."

We looked at Pingeres enquiringly for a minute or two, and then young Wilder an unimaginative tousle-headed 4th Assistant C. fresh from home said:

"Of course there was nothing. Look here, we've heard that sort of thing before; it's a blooming ghost-story."

"It may be a ghost story," Pingeres replied, "but it is rather a nice one . . . nice, and illustrative. The old priest's explanation was of a kind I am sure you have never heard before . . . . . but as you're such a scoffing young fellow, we shall keep it for another night."

W. & M.

(To be continued in our next)

QUACK REMEDIES

KOPSAUCE

The anti-verdict virus. Of all chymists. After three injections you are immune against adverse verdicts damages and costs.

CEREBROL.

The marvellous properties of this drug have only to be known to be appreciated. Applied to the scalp twice daily it will produce a braininess almost undistinguishable from the real thing. Under its influence brain-cells will grow even in a vacuum.

[*We use it.—Ed.*]

BURLUFF

FOR THE FEET.

Put it on in the Dressing Room after your bath. After the first application a pleasant tingling takes the place of that frigid feeling, and you are nerved for any fray.

Burluff was discovered as the result of an accident, and is highly purified before it reaches the consumer. The proprietors defy analysis, and are oblivious alike to the taunts of the B.M.A., the tantrums of the B.C.G., and the tactics of the B.P.O.

The "B-I."

The "Joseph and Benjamin."

The "Fatherly Protective."

Is this your style?

Notes on the shirt-cuff of Our Own Particular S.R. at the Astor House, October 12, 1912.

ROUND AND ROUND

Have you seen in the paper the glorious news
That's filling the flappers with frivolous glee ?
It will serve as a theme for my second-rate muse,
For modestly so I conceive it to be.
The Season is on us, I'm sure you'll agree,
When dinners are swallowed in musical vein ;
And to show that we're really *in rem* and *in re*,
The Saturday Nighters have started again.

Is it really a party, or only a ruse
To tickle the palate of Upper Hongkwee ?
Do you think that the profit they make on the booze
Can cover the outlay in any degree ?
I forgot, there's the entrance, a one dollar fee !
That'll cheer the Committee, and lessen the strain ;
I'm reading reports, and beginning to see
Why the Saturday Nighters have started again.

But what does it matter to you or to me ?
I never could dance, and your day's on the wane.
I don't care a pin or a twopenny D
If the Saturday Nighters *have* started again.

SANITARY QUATRAINS

(*'Infection may be produced in milk for ten days or longer'. . .' Bacillus prodigiosus in the syrup'*—Mr. Ayscough *on Flies.—Daily Paper, October* 5)

He has only himself, and none other to thank
Who on Nature's due functions imposes delays,
And thereafter feels seedy,—depend on it Frank,
He's in error who tries to keep milk for ten days.

If a *pródigiosus bacillus's* prank
Is to hide in my syrup with infinite skill,
Even so in your bonnet,—depend on it Frank
There's an *apis mellifica*, working its will.

Zut-zut.

A THEATRICAL NOTE

Did anyone see the letter written to one of our august contemporaries the other day, signed "Victim?" It was an unfortunate householder living in the neighbourhood of the Soochow Road complaining bitterly that the row was simply too awful, and that the sopranos' top notes were the limit to human endurance. Cheer up, Victim, they'll keep the windows shut now that it is getting chilly, and think how pleased you'll be to sit in a stall about six weeks hence listening to their delightful music. *Il faut souffrir pour être—Mignon, n'est-ce-pas?* Our Own Society Reporter, who is a bit of a bird, assures us that the thing is going to be very well done ; all the principals are old friends except *Laertes*, who will make his first bow in the Lyceum. Our O. S. R. also says that there are some extremely nice bright girls in the chorus, and that they've got something very snappy in the way of a Bohemian dance. *What Ho!*

The first performance of "*Smith*" is fixed for November 9th, to make up for our not having any Lord Mayor's Show. There is a good deal of bridge in it, and a very charming parlour-maid who has rather more to do, by the bye, than bring in the coffee-things.

Old G. has been busy, as usual, and means to work a smile or two out of us before Christmas. He told B. that there was a butler's part in the play that would exactly suit him. "Hang it all," B. is reported to have said, "this'll be the seventeenth time I've buttled for you. Can't I be a gentleman for once, even if it's only actin'!"

The idea of the "*Dairymaids*" seems to have floated away into airy nothingness, the *Sandow Girls* being rather a knotty problem. Mr. Lee-Wanger, consulted on the subject, said sadly that they were born, not made. "*Tom Jones*" is rumoured for the spring, but if they can find a man who will fall downstairs like the only original Indiarubber Dan—Well!

MR. W. S. JACKSON

AT THE RAILS

BEAR TALES FROM THE WEST

Well sir, ther was oncet a man and a ba'r and a jack-rabbit, and they wuz all a'goin' all they knew. An' the jack-rabbit wuz in front and fust he jump one way, and then he jump another ways, and then he jump back, and then he jump for'ad again, and the man he come next, and the ba'r come lickety spit after them two. And that jack-rabbit hop an' twist all over the country, and the man kep' stoppin' an' a-trippin' over his tail till he hadn't hardly no breath left. Then the man he gets mad, and he hollers out to the jack-rabbit "Fer Gord's sake," he hollers, "let a man run who can run!"

* * *

Ther wuz a feller I knew way back wuz crossin' a gully on a fallen tree, and he wuz part of the ways across when he see a ba'r on the other end. An' he couldn't get back nor the ba'r could'nt get back neither, so the feller began to pray. An' he says, "O Lord," he says, "I'm in the goldurndest fix. I wish you c'd help me git out of it, O Lord. But if you don't see your way to helpin' me, O Lord, dont help that durn ba'r neither, an' you'll see the devil of a fight!"

* * *

Yes sir, I wuz out with Patrick O'Donnell one time, an' we see a tough-looking bull in a field. He had a kinder hungry look about him, so I skinned up a tree, an' when I look down I see Patrick disappearin' down a hole and that bull miss him by a pant's button. Then Pat he pokes his head out, an' that bull comes roarin' back ter beat the band. An' when that bull had gone Pat up he bobs again. "Land's sake," I calls out, "git in, Patrick O'Donnell!" "Git in yourself," says he, "Mother av Moike, there's a ba'r in this hole!"

PORK CHOPS FOR HEROES

Extract from Native paper

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION CELEBRATION

"A despatch has been received from the Military Commissioner Chang, at Nanking, informing the troops of Shanghai that on the 10th instant, which is the Anniversary of the outbreak of the Revolution at Wuchang, rewards should be made to those who have rendered great service to the Republic. But as the Government coffers are in a depleted state, no funds can be raised for the Tutuh to give the soldiers ample rewards. It has, however, been decided to supply a certain quantity of pork to all the troops in lieu of other rewards."

SZE A-SUNG, A STORY OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

By H. H.

BOOK V

[*This story began in "Quack," June 1912, 2nd Number.*]

F all the maids in old Nanking
The daughter of the pop-
-Shop keeper, lovely Ssuma Ching,
Came out distinctly top.

Her feet were scarcely any size,
Her face was like a flower,
With pencilled brows and almond eyes
Of sixty candle-power.

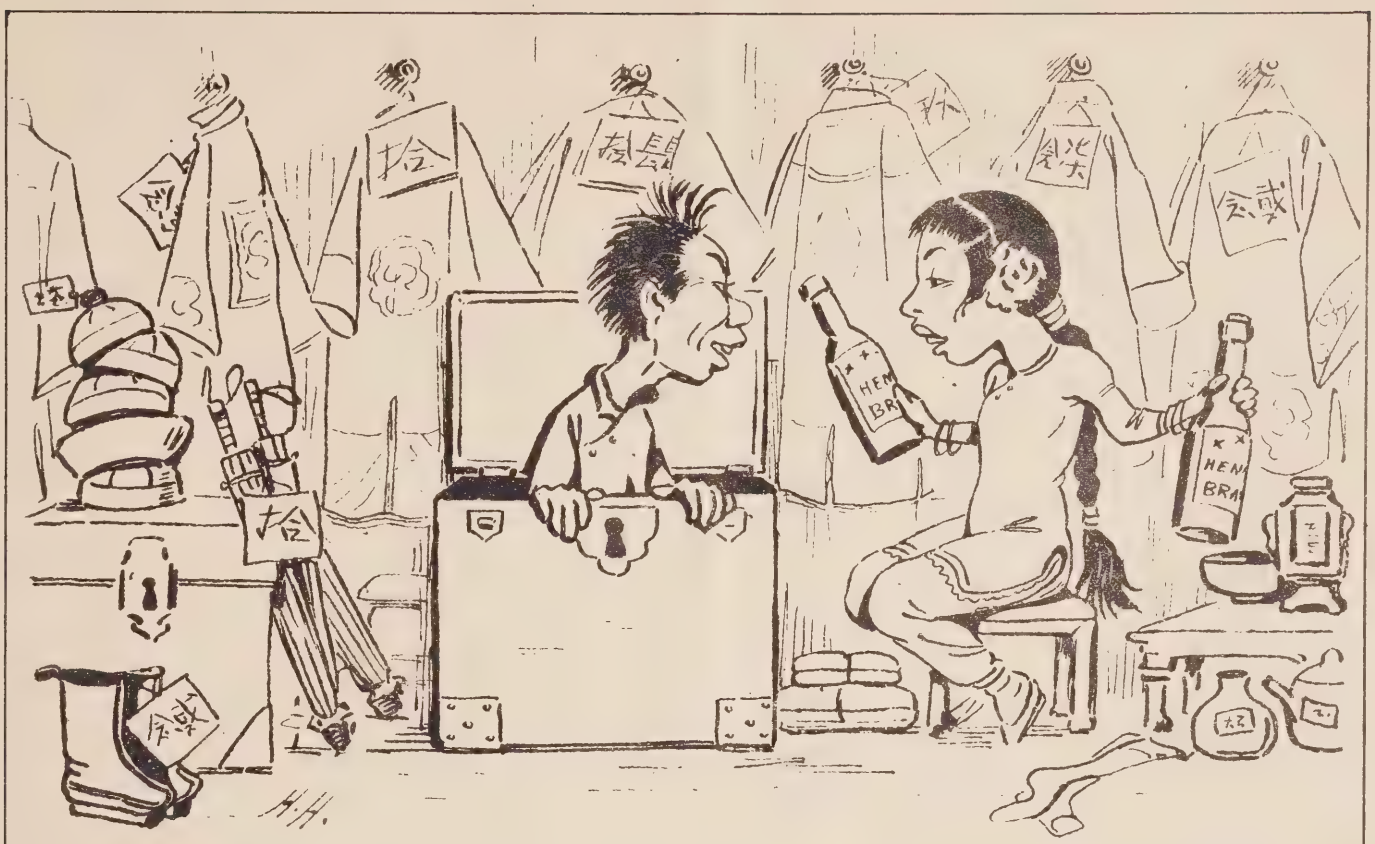
"Fair Maid," he panted, "be a sport!
D'you hear the hue and cry?
It's death to me if I am caught,
I AM A DARE-TO-DIE."

In unbecoming fashion dressed,
A sorry sight to see;
As you, my reader, will have guessed
It was our hero Sze.

And gentle Ssuma shed a tear,
To see his dreadful plight.
(The fact seems absolutely clear,
She loved the man at sight.)

One night, while struggling with the books,
There burst, with wild amaze,
The very dirtiest of cooks
On Ssuma's startled gaze.

She whispered "Quick! In here!" and flung
Ajar the inner door,
And hid the fugitive among
The pledges on the floor.



Then, presently, all danger past,
"Come out," she softly said,
"And we can safely talk at last,
For Pa is safe in bed."

"Hurrah! the very blessed thing!
We'll venture forth tonight.
The Brandy to the portals bring,
And make the sentries tight."

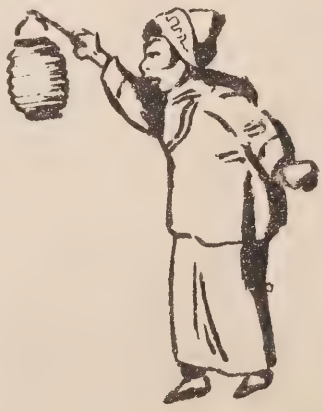
She freshened up his inner man
With grateful cheese and beer,
And lent unto her hero's plan
A sympathetic ear.

"Beyond the city's padlocked gates,
All lurking under trees,
My own besieging army waits,
How can I get those keys?"

'Twas Ssuma found an ancient pledge,
From someone's private bar,
Forgotten on a dusty ledge,
'Twas Hennessy's "Three Star"!

What *would* her poor old dad have thought ?
Imagination fails !
But woman's conscience counts as naught
When love is in the scales.

The fatal scheme was carried out,
The gates were opened wide,
And, with the dickens of a shout,
The army poured inside.



(To be Continued)

THE FABLE OF THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR CLERK

Now in the thriving and populous city of Zaung-hae there lived an exceeding rich man. And the fame of that man went abroad on every side even as the pollen of privet in autumn. And the fame of that man's wife was like unto that other of Sheba, and it was said that she was possessed of a thousand changes of raiment and of hats without number. And in all Zaung-hae there were no dinners like unto the dinners served in the house of the rich man, so that those bidden to feast were exceeding joyful, and withal puffed up beyond their fellows. Now a poor clerk in that time had a humble lodging at the gate of the rich man, and behold, he was a youth of proud spirit. And each day when he went to his labour in a humble *ricksha* and beheld the rich man taking his ease upon the silken cushions of his chariot, he ground his teeth, and cursed in his heart, saying :— "Behold, here is this common knave, "reared without knowledge of the finger-bowl or "the boiled shirt, has but to wave a pen to "unloose floodgates of gold, but to put up his "thumb to summon a hundred minions to his "bidding. This has he brought about by the "betrayal of widows and orphans, and cheating "the poor. But in so cunning a manner that none "should speak of him as a thief, nor can the law "have any power over him." And the thought was to him as gall and wormwood. For he himself laboured for a wage of five dollars a day, and laboured well and truly and with a good conscience, so that in the evening he was as a dead man, and his friends reckoned him a dull fellow. And it came to pass in that time that the Rubber Plague invaded that country, and the rich man was stricken most grieviously sick of the malady. And being blind of the malady, he expended many taels upon worthless pieces of parchment, and wrote his name in the sight of witnesses promising to pay many more. And behold, when the Plague had passed away from that country, and the count was made, it was found that in the treasury of the rich man there was no more money, no, not one cent. And furthermore it was found that there were still many lakhs to be paid upon the written promises. So that the jewels and the furs, and the Sheraton cabinets, and the gold ornaments of the rich man's wife were sold amid much lamentation. And behold, when all was done, the rich man and his wife sat in the dust, humbled so that all could see. And lo, they had nothing in all the world but the bundle of worthless parchments. And in all the crowd that mocked there was no mocker like the poor clerk, and he exulted, saying "How are ye brought low, ye that slept on the feathers of a thousand swans! How are ye indeed fallen, ye that went softly with no fear of the compradore!" Whereupon the rich man wept bitterly, and his wife with him. So that in the latter end the heart of the poor clerk was touched, and he gave them of his savings to buy food, for they were hungry, and gave them also the shelter of his lodging. And in that year the rich man died, bequeathing to the poor clerk all that he had, which was the bundle of parchments, beside a brace-button. And after many months, in the appointed time for the growth of a rubber-tree, the Plague again visited the country. And behold, the City Elders came unto the poor clerk, and offered him a bag of silver for the parchments. But he shook his head, and said "Nay, for there is something behind." Whereupon they brought an ass laden with gold, and besought him to make the bargain. But he bade them begone with many curses, marvelling secretly at his own cunning. And in the latter end the elders cast themselves upon the ground, weeping, and offered to give him all that they had if he would but sell them the bundle. So that the poor clerk became more rich than the rich man, and the gold in his coffers was as the sand of the sea. And he took unto wife the widow of the rich man, and loaded her with pearl ornaments. And he departed from Zaung-hae before the madness had left the people, and before their vision was clear, and lived in luxury to the end of his days. And the thought of the despoiled widows and orphans troubled him not one whit.

QUACK FROM THE PULPIT

Do not let us overeat ourselves on tomato ketchup. Do think a little. Do'nt do it. Then there are mutton chops. When I was at Surbiton one Tuesday morning I saw a friend eat eighty-three mutton chops. That was excess. Then there is the rush for horse radish; the longing for rubber over-shoes; the game of hop-scotch and puss-in-the-corner. I have played at most games in my time but I never won a prize at these. The great Pitt said "What's bad for a pigeon-toed porter will improbably benefit us." Goodness knows what be meant by that. Tallyrand (sic) put it well. *Je'm'en fous pas mal de ce baragouin-la.* That is true enough, and a brilliant saying, but it needs guarding.

We'll shoulder arms
And march and march away,
From Sackville Street
We'll march to Bantry Bay!
The drums and fifes,
How sweetly they will play
As we march, march, march,
In the Mulligan Guards.

Oh, cheese it Guv'nor, and if you can't cheese it, don't put it in the *North China Daily News.* It's positively irreverent.

You don't know my cousin O'Neil,
I can't say you've missed a great deal,
He is still doing time
For another man's crime
And a lack of the means to appeal.

PILLORY

There is often a fly in the ointment,
Or a casual hair in the soup,
And life has its own disappointment,
And most of us conquer to stoop;
But surely this must be the limit,
That *we* should be offered the job
Of hymning, or trying to hymn it—
The pencil of "Rob."

We have seen how it libelled our noses,
Our lips and our eyes and our hair;
How it gave us inelegant poses,
And garments unsightly to wear;
How it fattened or thinned and belied us,
And flung us for sport to the mob;
Shall we praise it because it has "guyed" us—
The pencil of "Rob"?

If Halsbury, now, were a poet
(May he pardon the use of the name)
Pray who would invite him to show it
By an ode upon Gould and his fame?
And Carson and Law and the others?
But we, though it cost us a sob,
Must thankfully worship, my brothers,
The pencil of "Rob."

So come let us join in a chorus,
The whole of our pilloried pack;
It is better behind than before us,
That single appearance in "Quack."
On soft and luxurious bedding
With never a timorous throb
We sleep—while the public is dreading
The pencil of "Rob."

N.

MR. DUNCAN McNEILL

OXFORD

SPRING IN THE OKANAGEN

Oh, who is there
That passes by
With silent tread
The grassy bed
Whereon I lie?
Oh, who is there?

Oh, who is there
With magic wand
To touch the hill?
And at whose will
The woods respond
With colour rare?

Oh, who is there
With such vast store
To deck with green
Where could be seen
Nothing before
But branches bare?

Spring was there. Oh, Spring was there
In the snow on Baldis' peak;
In the green and the white of the ollalla,
In the cottonwoods hugging the creek.
In the cheerful song of a thousand birds,
In the tint of the coloured hill,
In the peaceful calm of the lake below,
In the scent-laden air, so still.
And where I lay, with never a care,
Spring was there. Oh, Spring was there.

OFF TO THE FRONT

Young Raymond's buckled on his sword
And polished up his gun:
A proper soldier-man! My Word!
He's off to see the fun.
The busy mart is left behind
And Rubber Shares forgot,
Now Turkey's fate is on his mind
With her he casts his lot.

OR

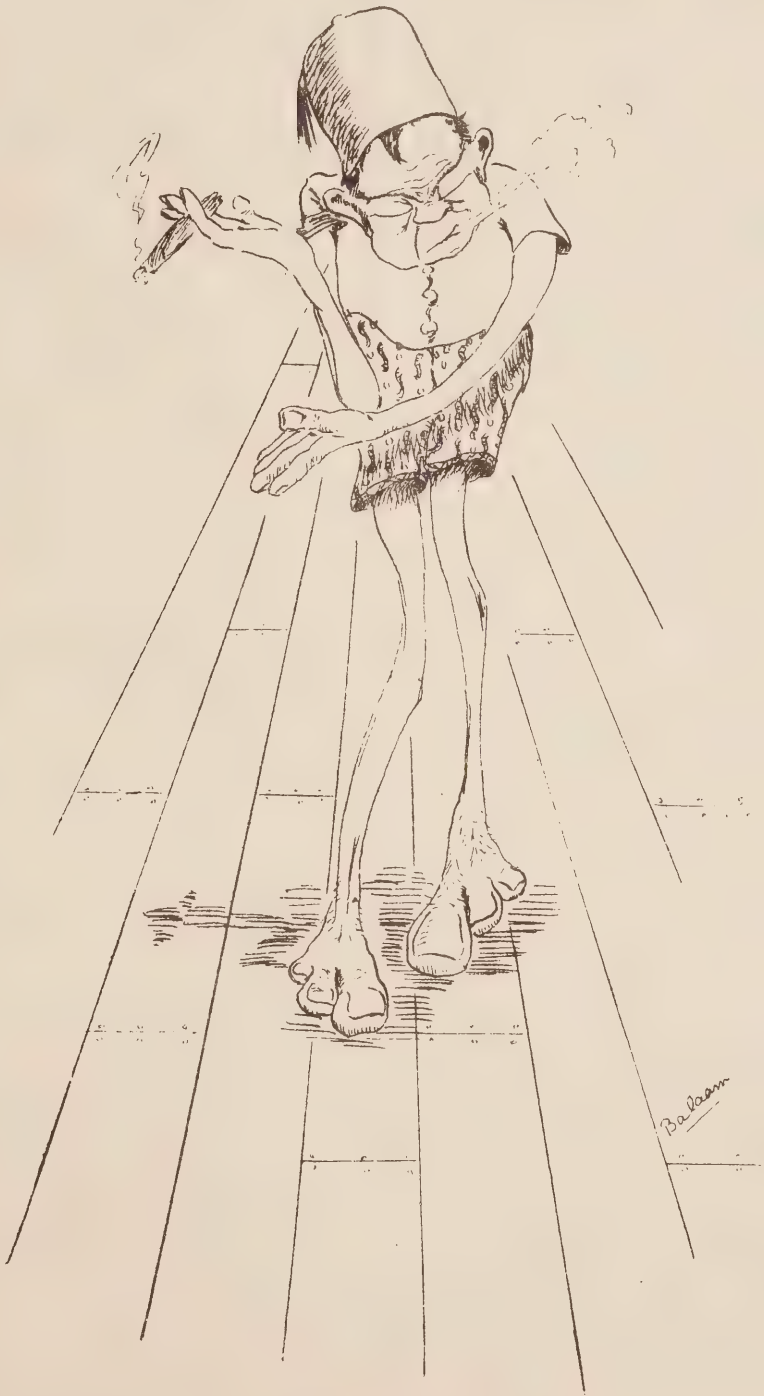
A youth patriotic and pious
As ever you're likely to see
Was Turcoman Raymond Elias
And here is a picture of he.
His country is aching for fighters,
And bursting with bellicose lust,
To punish Bulgarian blighters,
He's off in a whirlwind of dust.

OR

Say, lachrymose soldier man, whither away?
Is it Constantinople or Sparta or where?
You shall live to fight bravely on some other day
As you'll doubtless skedaddle as fast as you dare.

VODKA

A GHOST STORY



CHAPTER IV.

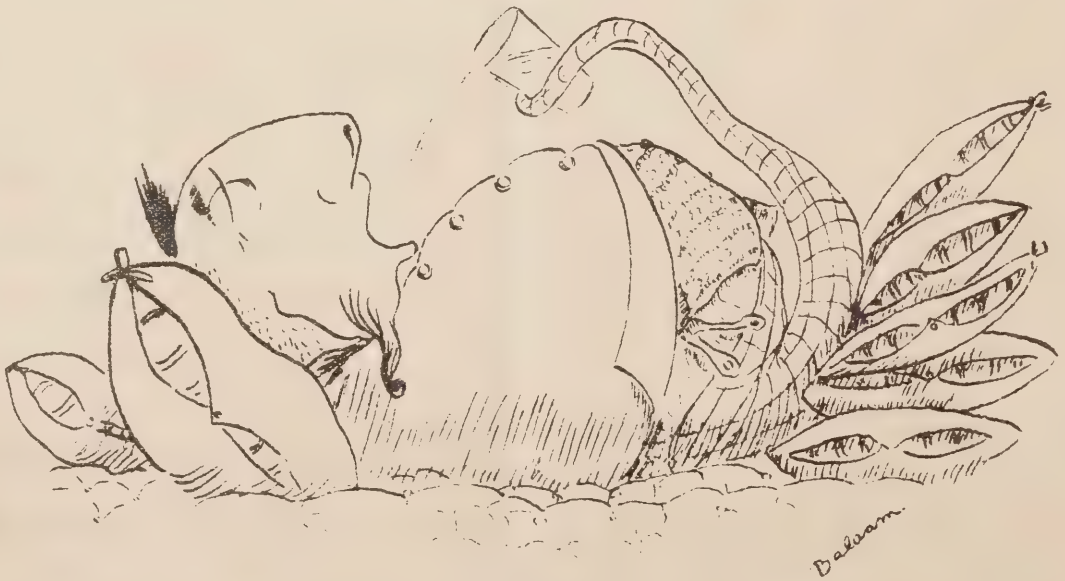
"Peter the Pessimist came paddling along."

I take my pack
Of unsold "Quack"
And round the town I ply 'em;
When pidgin's slack
I can't keep track
The whole town wants to buy 'em

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Hey diddle! diddle!
Saavedra and Biddle.
Sostoa eloped with Hardoon,
Concari and Mutto were choked with a bun
And Toeg supplied the Cartoon.

Old Buck (*not* Valenza)
Alighted at Penza
To purchase one schnapps and a stamp.
He sang a cadenza
And caught influenza
So now he's detained as a tramp.



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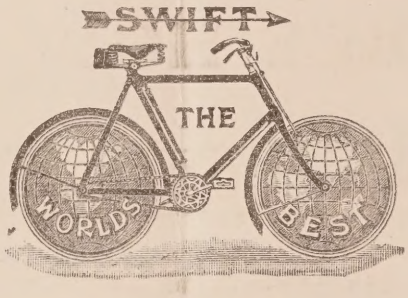

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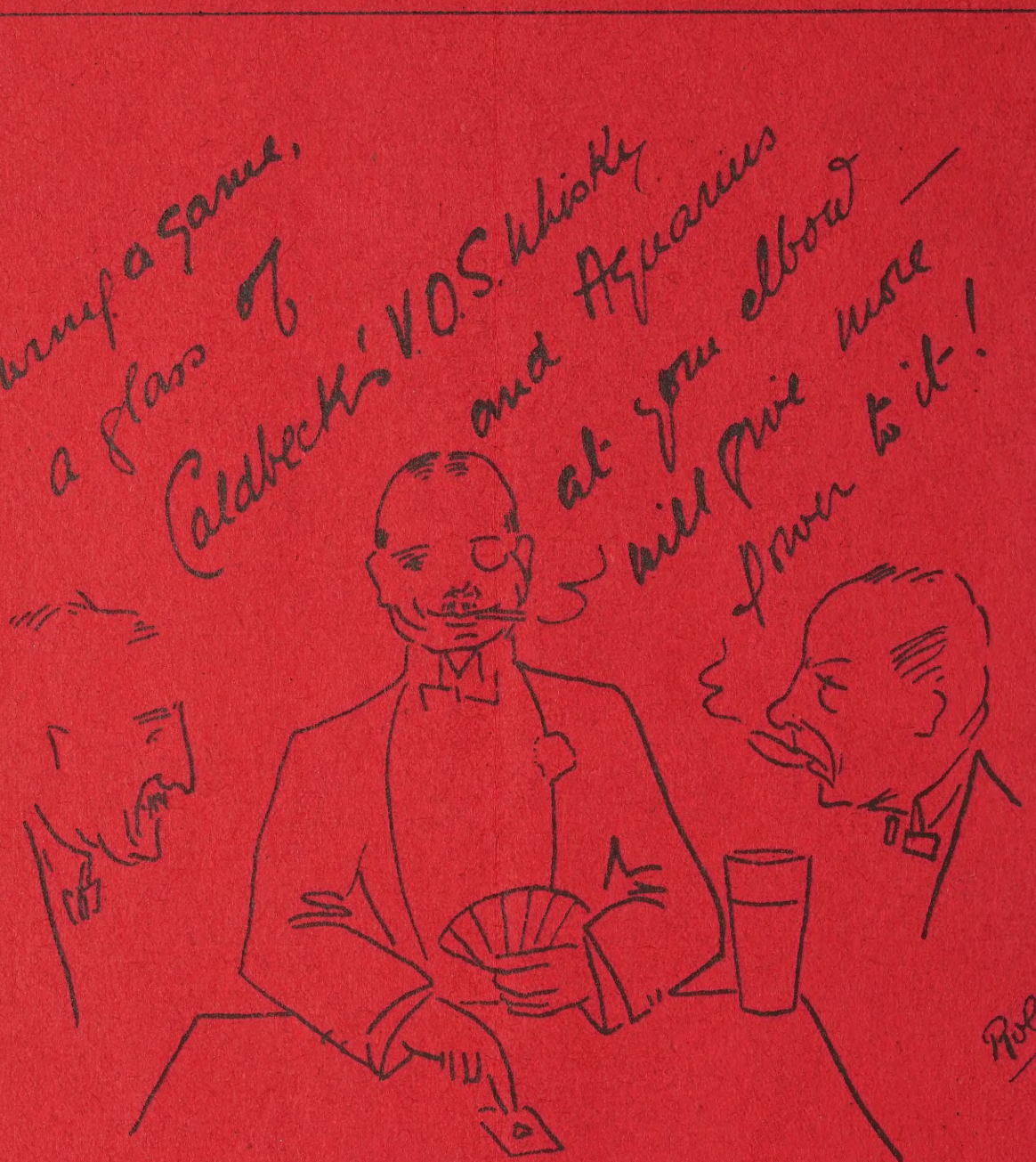

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